

# THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, 1

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.]

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WHOLE NO. 640.

## TERMS.

Three Dollars for one year, in advance.  
Single copies, Ten Cents each.  
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of Ten Lines or less for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.  
A liberal deduction will be made to persons advertising for three, six, nine, or twelve months.  
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Announcing candidates Five Dollars, to be paid in advance in every case.  
Job Printing of all kinds neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

## A Bureau Plan.

A cheap way to run the Freedmen's Bureau is given by a Kentuckian. It will not cost \$40,000, 000 a year, but will give the country more content than the employment of forty generals and their staffs, and furnish every individual Sambo with a "secretary," to be pitched out of the window or otherwise, as the fancy happens to seize him.

1. Every freedman shall have a bureau for himself, with a looking glass on the top, if he wants it.
2. Every freedman shall have a secretary.
3. Every freed boy or girl shall have a wardrobe.
4. Every freed child shall have whatever it cries for.
5. White people, whether free or not, must behave themselves.
6. All people of every color, except red, must vote.
7. Every free white male citizen of the age of 21 years or under, and of sound mind or otherwise, may vote if he will take the oath that he would be a nigger if he could.

**SAMBO IN THE CAPITOL.**—The Washington correspondent of a Philadelphia paper (not Forney's) states that he saw, the other day, two hundred and thirty-four "freedmen" and "freedwomen" of the filthiest description in the gallery of the House of Representatives. Of this fragrant assemblage a large number had baskets, and were pic-nicking in the presence of assembled wisdom. It is not mentioned that they pitched the debris of their pork and johnny-cake on the floor of the House, but the writer says that they have done much more than that—viz: populated the cushions in the galleries so thickly with one of the plagues of Egypt that nothing short of a wholesale application of "Dead Shots" and "Exterminators" will serve to abate the nuisance.

Parson B. was truly a pious man, and at the long grace which usually followed the meals, he and the whole family knelt, except the parson's brother, who being o'er much a fat stood with his back to the table, overlooking the garden. One day—it was summer time—the parson was unusually fervent, not appearing to notice the fidgety movements of his brother, who kept twisting about, until finding no end to the thanks, he broke in with: "Cut it short: the cows are in the garden, playing h—ll with the cabbage."

To be a woman of fashion is one of the easiest things in the world. A late writer thus describes it:—"Buy every thing you don't want, and pay for nothing you get; smile on all mankind but your husband; be happy everywhere but at home; neglect your children and nurse lay-dogs; go to church every time you get a new dress."

What is that which ties two persons and only touches one? A wedding ring.

## They Won't Trouble You Long.

Children grow up—nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man and gone now! There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made it is like a raveling stocking, stitch by stitch it gives way till all are gone. The house has not a child in it.—There is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing in pell mell; it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, or balls, or strings left scattered about. Things are neat enough now.

There is no delay of breakfast for sleepy folks, there is no longer any task before you lie down of looking after anybody, and tucking up the bedclothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaints, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged. There was never such peace in the house.—It would sound like music to have some feet clatter down stairs. O, for some children's noise!

What used to ail us that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the door? We only wish our neighbor would lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A home without children! It is like a lantern and no candles; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no grapes; a brook and no water gurgling and rushing in its channel. We want to be tried, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear child-life at work with all its varieties.

During the secular days this is enough marked. But it is Sunday that puts our home to the proof. This is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family is made upon that day.—You can lay your hands upon their heads. They seem to recognize the greater or less love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious trill of children in it. But Sunday comes too still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly.—There is too much leisure and too little care.

Alas, what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?

M. C.—Before the abolition of the peculiar institution, a free negro was commonly designated by the suffix, f. m. c., free man of color. Now, however, as all colored gentlemen are free, we notice that our contemporaries drop the "f" and merely write "m. c." to denote the much favored sons of Ham. But it happens that m. c. also denotes a member of Congress. Now will some one tell us how in future we are to distinguish a member of Congress from a free negro, as it is much easier in these days to find resemblances of the one to the other than to see the differences. So true is it that men will assimilate the objects of their idolatry. "If you would be like Brahma think of Brahma."—*Murfreesboro Monitor.*

Smith thinks there must be a good deal of bad veal in the market, judging from the number of "false calves" that have been seen in the streets of late. Mrs. Smith says that no one but a "true calf" would have made such a discovery.

A man who has a wife or sweetheart named Lize, is not to be believed in anything; for he's always sure to tell Lize about everything.

## Stage Nonsense.

We were speaking to a friend the other day, respecting the merits of a "celebrated tragedian," when we had occasion to comment on the rant of the stage—the loud mouthing, the outrageous gesture, the furious rolling of the eyes, the stride, the sword, the rattle in the hilt, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of the modern drama. Fancy this style carried into real life. On being introduced to a lady you would say, throwing yourself into a splendid attitude: "Most gracious madam, on my knees I greet you," impressively placing your right hand on your heart.

To a creditor who would not pay: "Fraudulent knave! payest thou me not? By yonder sun that blazes in the zenith, thee will I sue, and thou shalt see thy impious name flaming the streets on posters huge!"

At dinner: "Now, by my soul and all my highest hopes, those beans are royal. Were I Jupiter, beans should grace each royal banquet. What, ho! waiter, bring hither more beans!"

To your wife: "Madam, beware thou dost excite me not; else being too hot with wrath, I do myself some harm. A needle—a button on my shirt—and see it instantly performed.—Do it! Not leave the task to me!"

To your butcher: "Thou ensanguined destroyer of bovines, send me some mutton and some beef; and mark you! let it be tenderer than love and sweeter than the bees' rare burden. I would dine to-day."

To a friend: "Excuse a rash intrusion on your grace, but hast thou in thy box a portion of that plant, ranked by the botanist among the *genus nicotiana*?" or, "Most noble friend, wilt thou partake with me some stronglibation? Thou lookest dull to-day; 'twill cheer thy sinking heart."

Reply—"Oh, noble soul! alas, not all the wine of Bacchanalian revels could ease the sorrow here—here!—here! (Left arm struck several times.) Oh, what a fool and arrant knave am I, the very sport of fortune."

This is scarcely more ridiculous than three-quarters of the stage nonsense. A gentleman, one evening, was seated near a lovely woman when the company around were proposing conundrums to each other.—Turning to his companion, he said, "Why is a young lady unlike a mirror?" She "gave it up."—"Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking; a lady speaks without reflecting." "Very good," said she.—"Now answer me. Why is a man unlike a mirror?" "I cannot tell you," "Because the mirror is polished, and the man is not."

A Wisconsin paper tells a story of an abolitionist of that State who came South to fight for freedom and the Union (in the capacity of a sutler or a quartermaster), and secured, among other plunder, a young negro, whom he carried home to Wisconsin, kept him hard at work for several months, and then swapped him off to another abolitionist for a dog.

A Georgia judge lately threatened a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

A Western exchange says: "A girl of that city, a short time ago, hung herself to a limb—of the law."

What thing is that which the more we cut it, the longer it grows? A ditch.

## Temple of the Muses.

### SOME ONE'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the white-washed halls,  
Where the dead and the dying lay,  
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,  
Somebody's darling, was borne one day—  
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,  
Wearing yet on his sweet, pale face—  
Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave—  
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace!

Matted and damp are the curls of gold  
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,  
Pale are the lips of the delicate mould—  
Somebody's darling is dying now.  
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow  
Brush his wandering waves of gold;  
Cross his hands on his bosom now—  
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,  
Murmur a prayer soft and low—  
One bright curl from its fair brow take—  
They were somebody's pride, you know;  
Somebody's hand had rested there;  
Was it a mother's, soft and white?  
Or have the lips of a sister fair  
Been baptised in their waves of light?

God knows best! He has somebody's love;  
Somebody's heart enshrined him there—  
Somebody's wafted his name above,  
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.  
Somebody wept when he marched away,  
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;  
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,  
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,  
Yearning to hold him again to her heart,  
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,  
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.  
Tenderly bury the fair young dead—  
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;  
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head—  
"Somebody's darling slumbers here!"

### SMILE AND BE CONTENTED.

The world grows cold, and men grow cold,  
To each whilst seeking treasure;  
And what with want, and care, and toil,  
We scarce have time for pleasure.  
But never mind—that is a loss  
Not much to be lamented;  
Life rolls on gaily if we will  
But smile and be contented.

If we are poor, and would be rich,  
It will not be by pining;  
No! steady hearts and hopeful minds  
Are life's bright silver lining.  
There's ne'er a man that dared to hope  
Hath of his choice repented;  
The happiest souls on earth are those  
Whom smile and are contented.

When grief doth come to rack the heart,  
And fortune bids us sorrow,  
From hope we may a blessing reap  
And consolation borrow.  
If thorns will rise where roses bloom,  
It cannot be prevented;  
So make the best of life you can,  
And smile and be contented.

## European Army Statistics.

1. The French Emperor has a force of about 600,000 soldiers, which can be speedily mobilized in an emergency.
2. The Austrian army, on a war footing, may be placed at 575,000 men of all arms. That of Prussia, including the Landwehr, or trained militia, at least 565,000. Bavaria can raise 90,000 men.—Hanover, Saxony and Wurtemberg can each put 25,000 soldiers in the field; and the Duchy of Baden at least 15,000. Hesse-Darmstadt and Hesse-Cassel together as many as 15,000 also.
3. Victor Emanuel could put in motion, "at a moment's notice," over 100,000 of as good soldiers as are in Europe.

In the event of war between Prussia and Austria, the chances are that all the powers we have mentioned, would become parties in it.

By laying a piece of charcoal on a burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed. It has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

Recent official statistics show that during the late rebellion New England sustained the heaviest losses of any Union section, both from battle and disease.

Pearl, gray, and azure blue are the fashionable colors in Paris for ladies' stockings.

## The "Frost Flower" of Russia Produced in Boston.

A Boston journal describes an extraordinary "frost flower" of Russia, which has been produced, it is said, in Boston, in a temperature of artificial cold. This wonderful plant, or rather flower, is found only on the northern boundaries of Siberia, where the snow is eternal. It was discovered in 1863 by Count Swinokoff, the eminent Russian botanist, who was ennobled by the Czar for his discovery. Bursting from the snow on the first day of the year, it grows to the height of three feet, and flowers on the third day, remains in flower for twenty-four hours, and then dissolves itself into its original element—stems, leaves and flowers being of the finest snow. The stalk is about one inch in diameter; the leaves, three in number, in the broadest part, are an inch and a half in width, and are covered with infinitesimal cones of snow; they grow only on one side of the stalk, to the north, curving gracefully in the same direction. The flower, when fully expanded, is in shape a perfect star; the petals are three inches in length, half an inch wide in the broadest parts, and tapering sharply to a point. These are also interlaced one with another, in a beautiful manner, forming the most delicate basket of frost-work that the eye ever beheld; for truly this is frost-work the most wonderful. The anthers are five in number, and on the third day after the birth of the "flower of snow" are to be seen on the extremities thereof, trembling and glittering like diamonds, the seeds of this wonderful flower, about as large as a pin's head. The old botanist says when first he beheld this flower, "I was dumb with astonishment; filled with wonderment, which gave way to joy the most ecstatic, on beholding this wonderful work of nature, this remarkable phenomenon of snow. To see this flower springing from the snowy desert—born of its own composite atoms. I touched the stem of one lightly, but it fell at my touch, and a morsel of snow only remained in my hand."—Gathering some of the flowers in snow, in order to preserve the little diamond-like seeds, he hid to St. Petersburg with, to him, the greatest prize of his lifetime. All through the year they were kept in snow, and on the first day of the year following the Court of St. Petersburg were delighted with the bursting forth of the wonderful "frost flower!" Our friends in Boston succeeded in obtaining several of the seeds, and all through the summer and autumn they have been imbedded in snow brought at great expense from the White Mountains, and the coast of Labrador; and they now have the most unbounded satisfaction and pleasure of announcing that all signs are favorable to the realization of their fondest hopes, the production of the "flower of snow." The snow and ice are in a large glass refrigerator, with the thermometer forty-five degrees below zero, and the solid bed of snow has already begun to show little fissures and a slight bulging in the centre; unmistakable evidences of the forthcoming of the phenomenon.

The abattoir of Chicago, authorized by the city council, is about going into operation; the first of the kind in this country. The contractors have the exclusive right to have all slaughtering in the city (excepting that in the regular packing establishments,) done on their premises. The official is their only compensation. Paris has five abattoirs on substantially the same plan.

A woman weighing only 17 pounds is exhibiting in Danville. She is from North Carolina.

## Not Bad.

A short distance from the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, on one of the stage roads running from that city, lived a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or in foul, in hard times or soft, Ford would have his joke. It was a bitter, stormy night, or rather morning, about two hours before daylight, that he was aroused from his slumbers by loud shouting and knocks at his door. He turned out but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as tar, and seeing no one, he cried out:

"Who are you there?"  
"Burder, and Yancey and Elmore, from Montgomery," was the answer, "on our way to attend court. We are benighted and want to stay all night."

"Very sorry I can't accommodate you so far, do anything to oblige you, but that's impossible." The lawyers, for they were three of the smartest in the State, and all ready to drop down with fatigue, held a brief consultation, and then, as they could do no better, and were too tired to go another step, they asked:

"Well, can't you stable our horses and give us chairs and a good fire until morning?"  
"Oh, yes, gentlemen, can do that."

Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their clothes by a bright fire, as they composed themselves for the few remaining hours in their chairs, dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of impatience, as they waited till daylight did appear. The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along, and then in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; and to the surprise of the lawyers, who thought the house was crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night!" said Burder.

"I didn't say so," replied Ford.

"You didn't? What in the name of thunder did you say?"  
"You asked me to let you stay all night, and I said it would be impossible, for the night was nigh unto two-thirds gone when you came. If you only wanted beds, why on earth didn't you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all.

We observe that the ladies have acquired great facility in the management of the tilting hoops. They appear to grade their favors with much tact, discriminating in favor of the good looking observers. Stepping into Baker's yesterday, a very pretty young lady posed herself against the counter for our special benefit. She had on very finely proportioned calves, but unfortunately the right calf was not well secured and had slipped around to the front of her leg—which slightly detracted from the exhibition.—*Louisville Courier.*

The London Spectator notices the formation of a company called the "Cash Payment Association," intended to take advantage of the difference between cash and credit prices. Every person who pays ten shillings a year to the association receives a list of shops at which, for ready money, he may obtain goods from seven to twenty-five per cent. cheaper than he otherwise would. The tradesmen give this pledge to the association, being themselves repaid by the additional customers sent them.

H. F. Remington, of Springfield, Mass., has obtained a patent for the last novelty—a paper shirt—to be got up for 25 cents, and to be sweat proof.

## Jokes by a Horse.

Though many curious tricks and mischievous but harmless capers have been played by horses within our knowledge, yet it is hard to give credence to the following anecdote from an English paper:

"There was, some years ago, a very fine horse in the possession of Henry Mox & Co., the eminent brewers, used as a dray horse, but so tractable that he was left sometimes without any restraint to go about the yard, and return to the stable, according to his fancy. In the yard there were also a few pigs of peculiar breed, fed on grain and corn, and to these pigs the horse had evidently an insuperable objection. There was a deep trough in the yard holding water for the horses, where this horse went after taking his mouthful of corn. When he reached the trough he let the corn fall near it on the ground, and when the young swine approached it (for the old ones kept off) he would suddenly seize one of them by the tail, pop him into the trough, and then caper about the yard, seemingly delighted with the frolic.—The noise of the pig soon brought the men to his assistance, who knew from experience what was the matter, while the horse indulged in all sorts of antics to show his glee, and then returned quietly to the stable."

**HOW TO PREVENT CROWS FROM PULLING CORN.**—The usual method of preventing crows from pulling corn is to frighten them with old clothes stuffed with straw, pieces of tin, or yarn stretched on poles across the field. And some farmers hang dead crows in different parts of the field, which is said to be very effective. A correspondent of the New-Yorker pours warm water on the seed and adds gas tar, at a rate of a tablespoonful to a peck of seed. A farmer in the western part of New York, whose cornfield covered sometimes a hundred acres, prepared seed corn by warming it in a large kettle, and tarring it, using common tar. To prevent the kernels from adhering, and at the same time promote a rapid growth of the corn, fine sifted ashes was added. Plaster would serve the same purpose. In a locality where crows were very numerous, corn thus prepared was undisturbed. It requires but little tar, and if well done no great inconvenience in planting, results from its use.

The late Judge F—, of Connecticut, was not remarkable for quickness of apprehension. At a certain time Hon. R. W. Sherman was urging a case before him, and in the course of his remarks Mr. S. made a point which the Judge did not at once see. "Mr. Sherman, I would thank you to state the point so as I can understand you." Bowing politely, Mr. S. replied in his blandest manner, "Your honor is probably not aware of the task you are imposing upon me."

A lady asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain.

"Oh, no," replied he; "ladies who have brains don't wear them."

All eggs containing the germ of males have wrinkles on their smaller ends, while female eggs are smooth at the extremities.

Notwithstanding the hue and cry raised against cholera it makes a meagre death record compared with consumption.

The annual mortality of the negro population in Louisville is eight per cent., while that of the whites is only two.

Military definition for a kiss—Report at headquarters.